

A lesson In Submission

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Summary: It's always a bit of fun to switch things around isn't it?

When Jack takes charge, Hiccup learns how good it can be to be submissive and not the one in control. Birthday gift fic for Derpfire on tumblr!

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Alternative Title:__ The day i asked my boyfriend to top i wasn't disappointed , i also found out i liked to suck dick__

Rating:__ NSFW__

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Hiccup was done questioning how it started, when it begin or why this had even happened because it was amazing as he felt the fingers in his hair as he kissed down a pale hipbone, flicking the tip of his tongue as he reached the the high, marking at every pale freckle he found. How could he stop himself, a small groan escaping his lips as he tried to move his hands to reach up and wrap tanned fingers around the thick, hard dick before him. Yet a tug at his hair reminded him of their game.

Normally, it was Jack in the submissive role, the one on his knees, begging and demanding to be screwed, but Hiccup got curious how good it actually could be to be on the receiving end, and he asked for a role change for a night, to be dominated, controlled and pushed to the edge until he was sobbing for it. And Jack was doing a damn good job. The rules were set, being the usual of if anything was done made Hiccup uncomfortable to use the safe word(night fury), that dirty talk was accepted and encouraged, but the main rule of the night was that Hiccup couldn't use his hands, mouth only or any other 'opening' which had made Hiccup stumble over his words of how he had never done such to Jack during their games in the bedroom, though it turned out, Jack had been wanting this for awhile and had many nights to think of

the perfect way to get Hiccup to do what he wanted.

"Such a good boy." Jack murmured, running fingers through auburn hair again as Hiccup lowered his hands and moved to nuzzle into Jacks thigh, nudging for him to spread his legs in the armchair Jack reclined in. Taking a moment to tease, Jack finally spread his knees, listening to how Hiccup sucked in a breath only to groan low. Hiccup started to kiss a trail over the inside of Jacks thighs, reaching higher and feeling the only restraint from the corset he wore. It was only fair, Jack wore many outfits for Hiccups fantasies so it was fair for the twenty year old engineer to wear a corset in mint green, tied loose enough to breath but enough to let him feel it, to feel the way it pulled his waist in, flaring his hips out, giving his ass a heart shape from behind, and in the words of Jack 'perfect for fucking raw'.

Finally, Hiccup reached the thick base of Jacks cock, nosing along the short, white hair, memories of the first time he found out the carpet matched the drapes and how he stared for a good few minutes at it, snickering to himself. Kissing along the underside, Hiccup hummed softly under his breath. Slowly, he trailed his lips, smearing bits of the shiny gloss he wore along the thick under-vein. Finally reaching the head, Hiccup wrapped his lips around the head, suckling softly, preparing himself and tucking his teeth behind the edge of his lip. He knew from experience with Jack what an accidental slip of teeth could feel like and there was a huge difference between teasing scrapping of teeth, of a planned, careful nipping or a accidental bite when sucking out of nowhere. A literal pain in the dick.

With the teeth tucked away, Jack decided to further the slow, learning licks and sucks to the tip of his dick by tangling his fingers into auburn hair, gathering it between long, pale fingers and pushing him down, taking more into his mouth, brushing the back of his throat and pulling Hiccup back at the sputter of surprise. "Thought you wanted to be dominated, see what it's like to be a cum and cock slut." He taunted, voice husky, a rough growl. "To be thoroughly fucked each and every way."

"Yes, yes, please--"

"Please what?" Jack demanded, tugging roughly at the dark hair, pulling a groan from Hiccup who flicked his tongue along the pearling bead of precum along the slit of Hiccups cock.<p>

"Please fuck me in every way. I want . . . to be your cock slut, Jack-master."

"Well, since you asked so nicely." Jack smirked, pushing Hiccup back down where the green eyed man eagerly opened his mouth, this time expecting the slightly rough treatment, prepared as Jack bucked his hips into his mouth. Hiccup felt a trickle of saliva slip down the corner of his lips as his mouth was fucked, a glossy haze of lust, desire and pleasure over his eyes, his jaw pleasingly sore and aching, throat raw from the thrusting. His fingers gripped at one of Jacks knees, the other the leather of the armchair, digging into the material with a loud groan, vibrations spiraling down the thick cock. That was the pushing edge for Jack who moaned out, tilting his head back, fringe stuck to his forehead with sweat as he gave two last thrusts before thick spurts of heavy seed slid down Hiccups throat, filling his mouth. Salty, oddly hinting off peppermint? Yet it was all welcomed, swallowing each mouthful of cum given to him as Jack

softened slowly in his mouth to half mast.

Pulling back with an audible pop, Hiccup grinned, leaning into the hand that slipped from his hair to cradle the side of his face. "I knew you could do it Hiccup." Jack murmured lovingly, brushing a kiss to his nose then teasing a kiss at his sticky, swollen lips. Before the kiss could deep, he pulled with a smirk, the hand not on Hiccups jaw wrapping around himself, stroking himself once more to full hardness, a bare foot pressing to the erection in the feminine underwear on Hiccups hips, sliding the arch slowly.

'Now . . . Ready for your next lesson of submission, Hiccup?'

End
file.